The
COMMONWEAL

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Reflections on a Broadcast

A MONTH ago Pius XII broadcast to the world on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the war. In retrospect what he had to say seems to gain in importance. For his purpose was to make clear beyond any possible doubt the position of the Catholic Church with regard to the organization of society. Unfortunately the text of his address which appeared in the secular press was mutilated in translation. Almost everything the Pope said was toned down. And the net effect is probably to solidify the misapprehensions both of those who attack the Church from the Left and of many Catholics themselves. A good translation was made available by NCWC and appeared in the Catholic papers a week later.

What the Pope makes crystal clear is his insistence upon cooperation between all men of good will in the building of a social order "healthier, juridically better organized, more in harmony with the exigencies of human nature." Cooperation in the social and economic sphere, then, is enjoined upon us, so long as we work with persons not fundamentally opposed to Christian principles. What the Pope also makes clear is the Christian concept of private property. Private property consists of the personal possessions of individual citizens—their homes, their farms, their shops, their clothes, their savings. It does not consist in the vast accumulation of riches which is a characteristic of capitalism and of the "free enterprise" about which we are hearing so much these days. Indeed the Pope flatly condemns any "unlimited right over property, without any subordination to the common good . . . as contrary to the natural law." He goes further. When property stands in the way of the "genuine productivity of social life," the State may "intervene by regulating its use or even, if it cannot equitably meet the situation in any other way, by decreeing the expropriation of property, giving a suitable indemnity." Thus we see that a certain degree of socialization is not only licit but necessary, especially if it will promote a genuine restoration of private property for the bulk of citizens. What the Pope advocates is very far removed from a return to the terribly inequitable distribution of wealth which characterized democratic societies during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But he is equally opposed to the opposite extremes, under which the State owns everything and the citizen owns nothing.

The Harangue Is On

NO REAL ISSUE of any scope has yet been tackled in the course of our current presidential campaign. In its present phase the emphasis has been directed to rather personal charges and denials about the present Administration, with Mr. Dewey still trying, in spite of the damning legislative record of his own party in the matter, to pin on Mr. Roosevelt of all people the blame for America's failure to be better prepared to fight the Axis. In Mr. Roosevelt's opening speech before the teamsters there was injected—presumably for the sake of lightness—whole paragraphs about the White House Scottie which did not get left behind in the Aleutians.

As we have intimated recently, there are contentions of all sorts beclouding whatever real issue exists beyond that of the "ins" and the "outs." Only occasionally is there an intimation as to the nature of the one domestic question about which the candidates appear to have any great difference of opinion. Mr. Dewey is a spokesman for those businessmen and others who believe that if left largely to adapt itself as it sees fit to the forces of supply and demand, American business will expand, after the war, to produce domestic plenty and reasonably full employment. The Democrats, on the other hand, still pin their faith on certain regulation of business plus government spending to bring about the economy of abundance which in most cases is the desire of both groups.

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Neither candidate has demonstrated in any detail just how his approach to post-war prosperity would produce the desired result. So far the debate is lamentably unsatisfying.

Even on this point the distinction between the two political parties is anything but clear-cut. Mr. Dewey, as the now silent Wendell Willkie before him, wants to keep many of the controls of business and aids to farmers and workers instituted by the New Deal. The Republican candidate even thought to surpass the present incumbent by demanding an extension of the Social Security system to the categories of citizens thus far denied it. Now it is obvious both that the New Deal legislated about as far as it could in that direction at the time and that social security benefits will be extended whichever party is the victor at the polls. Mr. Roosevelt's message to Congress on the subject of setting up river authorities for the Missouri, the Arkansas and the Columbia, as was done with such rousing succes under his auspices with the Tennessee, is perhaps the only major suggestion of a concrete sort to appear in recent weeks, and that was not officially part of the campaign.

What the Republicans have promised the voters is in their airily vague modern tradition; apparently they still have faith in the efficacy of promising the moon. The Democrats, for their part, are banking on their far from brilliant record of tackling the depression beyond the immediate relief stage—a record generally notable for its right sympathies and its intentions. But the less the Republicans have to say about their own record in Congress on domestic and international questions during the past twelve years the better off for votes they will be.

In sum, there is as yet no indication that the personal appearances and radio time which are to comprise the bulk of the presidential campaigning in this current instance will do much more than confirm the average voter in his original convictions or prejudices. It is too early to predict what effect such shadow-boxing will have on the strategic marginal voter. There is little solid for sinking the teeth into, and another great opportunity to educate the American electorate when it is most receptive is largely going by the boards.

Germany's Fate

THE REPORTED SPLIT in the Cabinet as to the fate to be meted out to Germany reflects an indecision widespread throughout the country. And Secretary Morgenthau's reputed proposal to de-industrialize the Reich and reduce it to a land of family-size farms is about as extreme a plan as there could be. Normally Germany accounts for half of Europe's trade; its 70,000,000 souls are divided between industry and farming two to one. The transformation said to be envisioned by Secretary Morgenthau—and opposed by Secretaries Stimson and Hull—could scarcely be more catastrophic for Europe as well as for the German people. Such a prospect would make the last German fight on to the very bitter end.

Is well-merited retribution the chief aim of our plans for a reduced status for post-war Germany? Should punishment for crimes or disciplining for the future be uppermost in the minds of the Allied victors? There can be only one convincing answer.

The more one contemplates the German situation, however, the more unreal appears any hope that the defeat of Hitler will lead to the rise of democratic, law-abiding, peaceful forces within the German Reich. The more one thinks of the returning, hard-bitten veterans of this war and the thoroughly corrupted Hitler *jugend* who will welcome them back, the more convincing is the Foerster thesis that the decent elements in Germany always give way most supinely to that nation's most ruthless elements. After the war those indoctrinated by Hitler, by the very nature of the situation, if not forcibly impeded from without, will be the men in real control.

That means that German industry will embody a genuine threat to the other countries of Europe even if the war industries themselves are demobilized. Germany's modern temper of extreme ruthlessness coupled with ready bending to the master's will again will make the fulfilment of many of the terms exacted of Germany virtually impossible for the men who do seek honorably to fulfil them. The other states in Europe will continue to be insecure.

The solution, therefore, must lie along the lines of a "hard," but not a vindictive, peace. Very likely it will involve international control and supervision of German industry, armies of occupation, educational supervision and everything that will tend to support unwaveringly the struggle of the decent German elements against odds which are insuperable so long as the German people are left to themselves. The problem will be not to go so far as to antagonize the Germans who recognize their nation's guilt and are willing she should make amends. There can be no withdrawing this time from the responsibility we assumed in joining the United Nations. Only by building up the good German elements to the point of enabling them to maintain control and by unfailingly protecting Germany's smaller neighbors from oppression of any sort can the United States and her allies provide for their own security and peace.

French Resentment

FROM A political point of view it was thoroughly providential that the leader of the French Resistance Movement, at present Foreign Min-

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ister in the de Gaulle Government, should have turned out to be a Catholic. Georges Bidault was the editor of *l'Aube*, a paper representing an extremely advanced and indeed radical Catholic social position. It reflected the thinking of the out-and-out French Catholic democrats, who had no use for those reactionary Catholics who hated everything connected with the Third Republic and who welcomed Vichy. Bidault's connection with the resistance hence does a great deal to cancel out the collaborationism of a certain portion of the hierarchy and of certain prominent laymen.

So far M. Bidault has spoken about the future social organization of France in very general terms but in terms which we welcome. He is quoted as having said: "We are going to have a revolution, and France is going to give an example to the world of a new revolution—a legal one." More recently M. Bidault, in his specific capacity as Foreign Minister, with much passionate feeling demanded that the Allies—particularly the United States—grant recognition at once to his government.

Up to the time of the invasion, THE COMMONWEAL supported the French policy of the Roosevelt Administration, which was to refuse to recognize the de Gaulle Government and to wait until France was liberated before recognizing any government for that country. France now is liberated, and seemingly accepts de Gaulle, at least until such time as a real election is possible. With over a million and a half of its men in German prison camps, France cannot hold a conclusive election and will probably not be able to do so for many months. Are we going to continue refusing to recognize de Gaulle? It is true that a sort of left-handed recognition has been granted, but it is very left-handed indeed. And the result is that a wholly artificial vacuum now cuts off our government from the only governing power in France.

Undoubtedly if we continue this policy we shall create nothing but resentment, and no one can blame M. Bidault for feeling resentful about it. But what principally seems to trouble him is the fact that France is not being invited to take any part in the present international activities. He seems to think that recognition should open the way to the part he feels France should play in solving the future of Europe. Unhappily the two things are separate. We recognize many governments, and yet we do not invite them to Dumbarton Oaks.

One thing is absolutely clear: we should now recognize de Gaulle—provisionally and *pro tem*. We should invite the French at least to consult with ourselves and Great Britain as we take the momentous decisions of the next few months. Otherwise we shall be building up European antagonism and certainly not serving the cause of peace.

Organizing the World

WHAT seems to have emerged from Dumbarton Oaks leads one to suspect that the world is not yet ready for a genuine peace. There is to be an international organization, composed of all the "peace-loving" nations. It will include a consultative Assembly, in which each member will have a single vote, but which will be a purely consultative body. The body which will have the real power is to be the Council, on which there are to be three permanent seats (probably China will be given a fourth and France may be given a fifth) as well as seven revolving seats. In case of any complaint of aggression, any one of the nations holding a permanent seat may veto the use of force against the aggressor. Parties to the dispute are allowed to vote. The whole business looks like a sweet setup for world hegemony on the part of Great Britain, Russia and the USA, with China and France perhaps playing secondary rôles. For if any complaint of aggression is made against any one of these nations, they are insured against the application of force to make them mend their ways. This whole aspect of the scheme has nothing whatever to commend it and obviously could lead to the worst sort of imperialism. To assume anything else would be to assume that nations will suddenly act for the common good of the world rather than for what they believe to be their own self-interest. History gives us little warrant for any such assumption. Nor does history lead us to expect that the world can be governed by what amounts to an alliance between great powers retaining all their sovereignty. In short the Dumbarton Oaks scheme might easily be the breeding ground for another and even more terrible world war.

Yet this scheme is probably the best we can expect, and at least the new world organization is expected to carry on many of the excellent Commissions instituted under the League of Nations. Thus the practical choice seems to be between a generally bad international setup and no international setup at all. Probably the wisest practical action is to accept the quarter-loaf.

Making It Real

THERE have been so many newspaper accounts of what goes on in German death and concentration camps that our emotions and our minds have been dulled. But now the Polish Labor Group has issued in pamphlet form a description of these horrors which is so effectively and dramatically presented that it deserves to be read and pondered by all of us. It is called "The Camp of Disappearing Men." The text is admirably restrained and therefore all the more effective. The physical presentation is excellent. Copies may be procured at 55 West 42 Street, New York, N. Y.

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The Bigot in Our Midst

An analysis of his psychology

Gordon W. Allport

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY has amazing resiliency. For scores of years it has suffered the attacks of bigots and yet survived. The Know-Nothings of the 50's, the Ku Kluxers, the lynchers, hoodlums, demagogues, the Coughlinites, Bundists, Christian Fronters, Gentile Leaguers, Silver Shirts and a prickly dozen of our contemporary Congressmen — all together have not yet succeeded in destroying the delicate fabric of our social relations. In spite of them our large array of religious and racial minorities still contrive, except for occasional eruptions, to live together in a semi-peaceful state of coordination.

This remarkable resiliency up to now is due most of all to our unique tradition. Every single American is here because he personally, or his ancestors before him, sought escape from some type of oppression. All of us are scions of minority groups that have at some time deliberately sought fresh air and mental health in this new land. Only the Negro and the American Indian are exceptions, and even they have been caught up in the same dream of emancipation and equality. Deep down we have this traditional check on our intolerant impulses.

There is a second reason for our long-standing resiliency, namely, our frontier. Having discovered that the melting pot was a turbulent pot, and that the New World was not invariably friendly to all minorities, perhaps to our own, we could until recently get up and move out if we didn't like our neighbors, or if our neighbors didn't like us. The Mormons saved themselves from massacre by fleeing to Utah. The Underground Railroad brought many rebellious slaves northward. Individual families sought greater freedom in westward migration. Now, however, it is not clear where the Jews, the Negroes, the Mexican- and Japanese-Americans can take up their residence unmolested. The safety-valve of the frontier is no longer an appreciable protection against the mounting pressure within.

Our gauges reveal that at present the pressure is dangerously high. Public opinion polls show that 85 percent of the population is ready to scapegoat some group or other (at least they accuse them of not making a fair share of their contribution to the war effort). Labor and the Jews are commonly blamed, and this, we know, is precisely the nazi pattern of attack. Less than half of our population give entirely fair-minded and unprejudiced replies to certain questions designed to measure the extent of anti-Semitism. To be sure, we do not know for certain that these facts represent an *increase* in bigotry. Yet recent events indicate that the strain, if not spreading in extent, is becoming more tense.

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We expect it to be so, for racial and religious tensions have a way of increasing in wartime and in the period immediately following. This is true because war and its aftermath multiply and augment our frustrations. Added to the minor irritations of gas shortages, the red tape of rationing, mounting taxes, there are the major frustrations of separation from sons and husbands. There are half-stifled feelings of rage at Japanese trickery, vague worries about our own health and physical safety, and profound anxiety about our chances for a post-war job. Both wage-earners and white collar workers are fearful for the future. Our worries give us that pinioned feeling which makes us want to attack something—something visible, near-lying and outlandish.

Minority groups, being visible, near at hand, and a bit outlandish provide the outlet we need. We don't care particularly what we attack them *for*. If one excuse ("The Jews all keep to themselves") is proved invalid, we seize another ("They pry into Christian groups"). Wanting to release our pent-up rage at something, we complain: the communists are in the White House; the WACS are immoral; the Jews get the new tires; the Negroes are plotting: Catholics are fascists at heart. Thus in one breath we "explain" our vague apprehensions to ourselves and give vent to our war-time jitters. Accusations of this sort are usually so crisp, graphic, tabloid, that unless we are critical by nature, believing them requires no effort.

All of us go in for tabloid explanations just so far as our critical capacities will allow us. A few years ago Senator Nye persuaded most of us that war was due to the greed of "munition makers," and we were well satisfied with this over-simplification. Today we are tabloid about vitamins (they

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are simply magic), about the Japanese (buck-toothed, fanatic baboons—all exactly alike). The Negro is musical, lazy, lustful and less intelligent than the white. Why complicate matters by thinking in terms of individuals if we can locate a whole race of people in one convenient pigeon-hole? Whenever it can do so the human mind stops its functioning on the broadest level of generalization.

Sometimes we lump our scapegoats together with illogical abandon, and blame the "pluto-democratic communism of the New Deal" or the "Negro-loving bureaucrats" or the "Jewish International Banker." Ostensibly we blame them for some grievance that is uppermost in our minds at the moment, but in reality we are blaming them for our personally frustrated and disordered lives. The error is two-fold: we manufacture a tabloid goblin (by regarding some group as a totality) and we unconsciously vent our many private irritations upon it (although consciously we name some specific misdeed suggested to us by gossip or by rumor).

In the mental dynamics of bigotry one further twist is involved. It is, I think, the weirdest twist of which the human mind is capable. Besides venting our fury upon scapegoats for their alleged vices, we go still further and blame them specifically for our *own* sins and shortcomings. The term psychologists give this mental twist is *projection*. Though the label is new, the process is as old as humanity itself. Am I secretly ashamed of my wastefulness? Let my conscience be at rest, for behold, the army wastes "whole sides of beef." Do my fantasies wander a bit in lascivious direction? I should not feel sinful, for I ponder (and gossip about) the moral laxity of others. Does my conscience plague me for the low wages that I pay my Negro employees? I can be at rest, for *they* would only grow "biggety" if they had more money. After all, what a small thing my own greed is, for the Jew will skin you alive if he gets a chance. In the catalogue of indictments drawn by the nazis against the Jews we find a faithful listing of the nazi's own monstrous sins.

In short, we evade feelings of personal guilt by accusing others of the evils we ourselves practice. It was Goethe who said, "We never feel so free from blame as when we expatiate on our own faults in other people." The worst of it is that this mechanism of self deception is shielded from our own view. Though we may suspect its operation in others, we will almost certainly deny it in ourselves.

Summing up these mental attributes we may say that a BIGOT is *a person who, under the tyranny of his own frustrations, tabloid thinking and projection, blames a whole group of people for faults of which they are partially or wholly innocent.*

It follows that the bigot's mental life is mildly (and sometimes severely) paranoid. Its chief characteristic is its inability to take the rôle of the other fellow. Unable to feel its way accurately into the other fellow's nature, it regards him as a strange creature capable of sinister motives and deeds. The bigot loses perspective because he does not correct his misinterpretation as it grows. One suspicion is added to another, and no wholesome moment comes when he says to himself, "Halt! I'm on the wrong track. This group of people is not all alike. It isn't responsible for my difficulties. I am reading into it some of the evil that lies in my own buried nature." The bigot's mind never doubts its own interpretations in the area of its prejudices.

Every psychiatrist knows that a paranoid compartment is exceedingly difficult to pry into. The sufferer resists every attempt to discredit the finality of his interpretations in the region of his hates. Therapeutists and educators are greatly perplexed by their task. Whoever discovers a means for instilling doubt into a paranoid mind will make an unequalled contribution to human welfare.

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We have always had bigots in our midst and probably shall always have them. What concerns us now is their numbers and their complexion in 1944. Drawing our evidence chiefly from published and unpublished public opinion polls, we may estimate roughly that one-fifth of our people are implacable Anglophobes; five to ten percent are violently anti-Semitic, while perhaps forty-five percent more are mildly bigoted in the same direction. At least forty percent express prejudice against the Negro. The numbers that are anti-Catholic, anti-Russian, anti-labor, anti-Protestant vary, but in all cases the proportion is fairly high.

We have then, a large nucleus of people who are aggressive Antis. Some are so paranoid that they are ready now to start violent persecutions, and are constantly striving to convert the wavering, mildly bigoted fringes. When a large enough group has been aroused so that it has a sense of safety in numbers, it looks around for a pretext to vent its hate. The pretexts were easily found in Beaumont, Detroit, Los Angeles. What they were does not matter. When the conditions for an outbreak are ripe, anything—even a baseless rumor—will precipitate the violence.

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It was Lord Bryce, I believe, who once said that there is a solution to every social problem but one—race prejudice. His pessimism, I suspect, was based on the observation that treatment of the adult bigoted mind seldom seems to have any effect. Even though the aim of democracy, of

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Christianity and of science is to reduce and ultimately to eliminate prejudice, their combined efforts to date have had seemingly little effect. In spite of their labors the bigot has adopted a contrary world-view of his own, a rigid and hostile philosophy of life. If he is an adult, appeals to evidence, exhortations to brotherly love, intercultural education are largely ineffectual. Why is his character-structure so tense, humorless, spastic?

No young child is ever a bigot. To him social relations are naturally matters of friendly curiosity. In fact it is with some astonishment that he first learns of racial taboos, and with some difficulty that he selects playmates only from approved groups. By the time he reaches the second or third grade he is observing the taboos fairly well and may start name-calling against unfavored groups. Before reaching the eighth grade, he has all the basic prejudices of his elders. Most of his attitudes come from his own home, although certain legends taught in church and school hasten the process. He learns that Jews are "Christ-killers," that Negroes are "inferior," that communists are "atheists," and that Catholics are "plain superstitious."

Clichés alone, however, do not create a bigot. He has to learn also to regard the world as a perilous jungle, where beasts devour one another or are devoured. Life is revealed to him not as an invitation to cooperation and to pleasant social relations, but as an arena of struggle where opponents must be annihilated. Although he may be sprinkled with verbal pieties in church and school, he never really learns (in his nerves and muscles) that the purpose of a democratic society is to aid the socially acceptable possibilities of all people to reach fruition. To him democratic privileges somehow became identified only with the rights of his own class and kind.

He begins to arrange groups of people on a vertical scale. His own kind is "superior"; all others are "inferior"; the more different from himself the more inferior. He never learns that diversity is compatible with equality. Rather he ranges all groups on the rungs of a ladder.

To preserve his fanciful hierarchy he is forced to regard members of a group as "all just alike." Individual Jews (or Protestants or Negroes) are low in his esteem simply because of their group-membership, not because of their personal qualities. He does no sorting of human beings according to their intrinsic personal worth. True, of course, he thinks he is broadminded because he makes a few exceptions (for the "better class of Negroes," or because "some of my best friends are Jews"). But it never occurs to him that instead of generosity and tolerance all such "exceptions" betray the density of his prejudice against the remainder. In fact, the "exceptions," if he only knew it, are designed to protect this very prejudice.

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A recent psychological experiment suggests a brief method for diagnosing prejudice. Ask someone whether he would agree with this statement, "Though there are exceptions, all Jews are pretty much alike." If he says yes, you can be almost certain that his thinking is tabloid and his attitude hostile. It is at the broadest possible level of generalization that the bigot's mind comes to rest. His fallacy is his inability to see the diversity of reality behind the mask of a symbol.

Another example. If our bigot is anti-Negro he will sooner or later treat us to his stereotyped thrust, "Well, would you want your sister to marry a Negro?" The irrelevance of this matrimonial query so startles us that we are abruptly silenced (as he intended we should be). For him the question does not seem irrelevant. His rejection is total. The Negro, if unacceptable as a brother-in-law, is unacceptable as a colleague, neighbor, voter.

But doesn't the bigot have a point in his favor? Isn't he entitled to choose his friends and to live amongst congenial people, and to marry according to his taste? Of course he is. Coercion in social relations is clearly an invasion of personal liberties. Anyone who chooses to avoid Negroes socially is privileged to do so, but he is not entitled to prevent social inter-mingling among those who do not share his prejudices. The truth of the matter is that in the long run social equality will not be found distasteful after the Negro has more widely demonstrated his skill in political, educational and economic life. It is the artificial and unjust barriers in status that render minority groups unattractive to us personally. Only among people of equal status can friendship naturally ripen.

Continuing our analysis of the character-structure of our bigot we find that he is probably a person who cannot tolerate his own feelings of guilt. He is "projection prone." By the device of blaming others he somehow manages to feel guiltless. Unable to correct his own misinterpretations by taking their point of view, and unable to look deep inside himself, he accuses them of his own failings. (*They* are clannish, arrogant, pushing, dishonest, lascivious, or unpatriotic—not he.)

Very likely he is a person who readily follows a leader, particularly if the demagogue justifies his hatreds for him, and through blandishments makes him feel smug and self-satisfied. By taking orders from a super-bigot the small-time bigot avoids responsibiilty for making anti-social decisions (another method of guilt-evasion). In the manner of the early adolescent who follows his gang-leader, the bigot prefers his backbone out-

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side (in the leader) rather than inside, where in the mature personality it belongs.

Bigotry in Germany within the past fifteen years is now the classical example of mass-surrender of maturity. Millions of formerly decent adult Germans, after a period of defeat, inflation and unemployment, found that they could no longer sustain their rôles as self-determined, responsible citizens. Along came a demagogue, and at his invitation they regressed mentally and emotionally to the level of adolescence where to follow a leader is the highest joy, particularly if the leader justifies for them their unholier impulses. The nazi leaders, hysterical half-men, displayed from start to finish the character-structure of the paranoid bigot. Although we have their type in America, we have not yet had, except in certain localities and groups, the spectacle of erstwhile mature personalities collapsing and regressing *en masse* to the level of Hitler's followers.

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Are Americans permanently immune? Even in peacetime a sizable proportion of our population holds the tight little, hard little, self-centered philosophy of the bigot. Yet, as I have observed, we have thus far lived together in relative peace. Besides the reasons already given, I would point to the difference that exists between *feeling* prejudice and *acting out* prejudice. Prejudices kept to ourselves harm no one but ourselves. We may assume, I think, that education for democracy—and for Christianity—has been partially successful in that it has taught large numbers of people to suspect the bigoted regions in their own minds. Being therefore somewhat self-critical, they take special care to check their own impulses. In studying a group of college students I was struck by the fact that although a large number had unmistakable prejudices, they seldom, if ever, acted them out.

Yet ideas, if not restrained, do *tend* to issue into action. Especially in times of mounting social strain it is hard for the self-critical person to exert the customary inner check. For this reason we need at present more legal restraints and better law enforcement than we have. For although we cannot suddenly eradicate prejudice, we can at least hold back its open malevolent expression.

It is interesting to watch our bigot's mind at work upon the problem of peace. He wants peace only on his own terms. It must be a peace with white supremacy, or a peace that destroys the New Deal, or a peace of revenge upon the Japanese, or a peace that will be followed by "the job we have to do on the Jews." The issues of a just peace do not concern him. His fetish of hate is the center of his thought.

An important characteristic of bigotry is that once it starts to stain the world-view of the individual, it then spreads like a grease spot. Those who are anti-Jewish also tend to become anti-Catholic (unless they themselves are Catholic), anti-Negro, anti-anything. It does little good to attempt with the forceps of fact to extricate from the warped mind erroneous ideas concerning a particular race or religion. The warping is systemic; it cannot be repaired locally. Those who have taken scapegoating as their way of life are dissuaded by neither logic or evidence. There is no hope for them, as I have said, unless they come to doubt their own false philosophy of human nature, and this they are unlikely to do.

There are, of course, many people whose character structure is precisely the opposite from that I have described. Their outlook on other races and religions is benevolent and fair, and so secure that nothing, not even calamity or torture, could shake it. Admiringly we think of the Protestants and Catholics in Germany and in Poland who have resisted to their own doom nazi attacks upon their Jewish fellows.

Who are these fortunate persons who have no bigotry in their mental make-up? (If we knew the answer we might aim to create more like them.) Should your experience be similar to mine, you will reply, "many scientists are such people; also by and large individuals who are well-traveled and observant of other cultures; also individuals who have a good sense of humor (showing that they can laugh at their own biases and self-deceptions); also those who have deeply imbedded in their own natures the Christian philosophy of life, or for that matter, the social teachings of the Jewish prophets or of humanitarian leaders of other faiths." There is surely something fantastically wrong with the statement, "Christians persecute the Jews." If they persecute the Jews they can't possibly be Christians.

Although we cannot enumerate here all the conditions of personality which leave the individual free from stultifying prejudice, we may insist that any complete study of bigotry should include not merely the pathology of the subject but also the wholesome and normal states of mind that lead to decent and friendly human relationships.

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A significant battle is being waged here in America today between these two types of character, the bigoted and the democratic. Shrewd and emotionally-roused representatives are busy on both sides. And social forces are working both ways.

A young naval officer, unaware of the implications of his remarks, said to me, "After this war we've got to have one strong man and one strong party to clean up the mess that will exist."

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Approximately ten million of our young men are living out their youth under the essentially totalitarian regimentation of the armed services. And their habits are being formed according to the strong man outlook of military hierarchies. No back-talk permitted, no discussion of basic policies, no group decision, no majority rule. We know that most of our officers are considerate toward their men, yet it is inevitable that many basic democratic attitudes have to be held in abeyance during the time of military service. History shows that veterans' organizations, following their wartime habits, are usually inclined toward some kind of military influence in government. Bewildered civilians often join the demand. And we know that post-war mentality is characteristically quick to saddle the blame for war's dislocations upon some convenient scapegoat. (We recall the "red scare" of 1919-20). This whole pattern of reaction will recur after the present conflict is over (unless perchance it lasts an unexpectedly long time, bringing in its train so many changes that there is no possibility of reaction).

The primary lesson of this war, not at all learned by Americans, is the connection between fascism and the latent bigotry in people who are not technically fascists. People who have the character structure of the bigot embrace fascist principles and techniques to protect their prejudices. But they seldom realize that they are doing it. More likely they invoke democratic symbols to justify their attacks (states' rights, private initiative, freedom of speech and the like). What people do not know is that fascism can come to this country under the banner of "democracy."

At this moment our paranoid bigots are busily engaged in rousing hatred against this scapegoat or that, chiefly the Jew. Having themselves given up the struggle for intellectual and emotional maturity, they are seeking power over the masses in order to cajole them into a similar welter of regressive hatreds.

On the other side of the battle line we have much of the press, most of the churches, many stalwart opinion leaders, including teachers, statesmen, writers.

Both sides are struggling to influence people's minds which, though they have their tabloid tendencies and their modicum of bigotry, are nonetheless half-conscious of the meaning of the American tradition of fair play and of the requirements of democratic decency in communal living. At this moment my guess is that our Christian-democratic-scientific ethos will decide the battle, but one cannot be too certain. The strain of the coming months and years will bring an added array of frustrations, bewilderments and demagogues. Bigotry is ever the easier way to respond to this particular combination of social and psychological pressures.

From France

DANIEL P. WARD

HUMAN experience is sometimes so difficult to integrate and classify into descriptive and intelligible patterns. The sheer impact of stimuli can confuse intellect's ability to synthesize, and as a result one often carries away from a given environmental situation a memory-series of vivid but not too well correlated impressions.

So it was of France in the summer, 1944. Maybe deeper retrospect will merge impressions into a precise mosaic, but until such time one can present but fractional and backstage pictures related to a huge scene. In these shuffling images one sees the people, the land, and the men who fought in the summer heat, and each image strives so poignantly for recognition that one must be brief and even disjointed in description.

There are the people one saw—earthbound and each bearing some great grief, but bearing it with resignation and dignity. One saw them wearily searching through rubble for the scattered garments, the broken furniture, and other remembrances of things now past and done. One noticed the quick unobsequious way in which men doffed their caps in greeting and the way in which children invariably and gravely shook your hand when you addressed them. One saw them in the American cemeteries praying and weeping at the graves of men who, unknown in life, had become cherished in death. One remembers the little family trudging along the dusty tank-lined road, exhausted children literally being dragged to refuge by a young mother. (Seeing the grief cut into her face one thought of Mary and Joseph with no place to lay their heads.) And there was Monsieur Auguste, twice wounded and imprisoned for three years in World War I, who so proudly gave us a laboriously handwritten copy of *La Marseillaise*. I recall the tears in his eyes as we rather self-consciously toasted "Vive La France," and how he in happy excitement told us of the basilica at Lisieux when we admired the figurine of Saint Thérèse which adorned an otherwise bare wall. His pride when he told of sheltering and feeding our paratroopers, and how quickly he agreed when we observed: "Les Boches sont perdus." There was the scene of the rugged Irish-American chaplain and the diminutive curé vocalizing lingual Catholicity in painfully recalled seminary Latin. The unstudied nonchalance of the congregation as we came to Mass armed cap-a-pie, bearing rifles, carbines and machine guns. The absence of rancor as the young couple told of their firstborn, killed in a raid by our Fortresses. These are the people who with the English girl know that this war is the Passion, and yet on July 14 they sang and danced in the streets. These

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are the people one has seen—simple people, and to be banal, good people. They would not be found in a Gide or a Proust; they are the children of Léon Bloy or, more smugly and sentimentally, of René Bazin. One could not be near their sorrow and remain apart from it. Their example in fortitude impressed one with a deeper appreciation of the human fraternity described so well by the poets—no man is an island entire of itself. They are now the weary and the dispossessed, but even those who wrote so facilely and remotely of the death of the spirit of France are their debtors. A strong and strange courage has graven deeper grace in the human story.

There was the land that suffered too—the quiet earth with homes planted in its heart, and prayers in stone at Mont St. Michel, Chartres, and Cerisy-la-Forêt adorning its face. The pocked earth and torn trees everywhere spoke of war and death. One walked through quiet places like Valognes and St. Lo, and it was difficult to realize that these huge and horrible ruins a short time before had been formed as houses—houses in which men had been born and had lived. The destruction wrought defies the power of the word to tell. One felt that these were modern Jerusalems and that God must be weeping over them. There was hardly a stone upon a stone. The land was desecrated by the blood of men who were broken and dead, and everywhere trucks, tanks, and other accoutrement of warfare burdened the earth. This was the rich Norman land in the summer, 1944.

And there were the men who walked in the awful dream, living the horrible hours that life can hold. There were the wounded who awaited evacuation with an incredible patience. There were the dead, lying as Stephen Crane has told—broken dolls dumped from the sky. And there were the living who pushed on, knowing more of blood, of sweat, of tears than statesmen in their towers. One remembers the dying nazi who refused plasma as it had been prepared from American blood. He was at least thoroughly logical about blood and race, one thought. There were prisoners on their way to the rear, their strutted hour upon the stage over. There would sometimes be an ardent spirit among them to shake a defiant fist, but on the whole they were a tired and dejected lot. The hurly burly was done and the battle had not been won. The super-race was but a self-gratifying myth anyway.

One spoke with burial details and, looking at the dead, often found it hard to believe that the poor, broken flesh had once been a temple of the Holy Spirit, a temple formed in the image of God. In the presence of these one's thoughts were disappointingly trite and sentimental. Things said uncounted times before flooded the mind, and you thought of children who would never be born, happiness never to be touched, and people in far-away places who would grieve for these stolen children. It almost required a deliberate act of faith to say: this man now stands in the presence of God; he will never die. In civilian times death never seemed so crude, so final. One thought these things and knew fear of death. Many times one would say: Oh my God, I am heartily sorry.

There were the men who went out and were not seen again. You said they were missing in action and gathered together their immense wealth—soiled letters, a deck of cards, a picture of a girl smiling at life, or maybe a baby laughing at things we cannot remember. The earth had swallowed them, and now they were almost, as Osler, I think, said, as if they had never been. About one happened daily the quiet and small details of tragedy. Every man longed for home and those beloved. These were the men without home ties, without family bonds, the learned in sociology had said. But no one here would believe them now. They were breathing parts in a great machine of war, but they were human and warm. Simple utterances made in defense of human dignity and the free man bespoke the civilian soldier. . . . These are the men who walked in the sorrow of our time.

So this is the mosaic of a summertime; these are the memory-graven images. We must hope and we must pray that they will be replaced by the vision promised, the vision of good things and the last best hope of earth.

Individual Differences, and All That

A TEACHER

IT'S ALL well and good when you're taking those courses in education at college because you need so many and then you're a teacher, and the professor is up front there talking about motivation and integration and individual differences. It's all well and good when he talks about bright pupils and slow pupils and the private schools advertise "individual instruction," but now you're in a big public high school and you meet 175 pupils a day for fifty minutes each and a supervisor something like that old professor comes around to remind you that you must know the child before you can teach him anything, and you almost smile right back at him because you know enough about your children to know this much which neither he nor the old professor ever mentioned: you don't have bright pupils and slow pupils, in your classes it's nothing but pupils and non-pupils, those who are there to learn and those who are there. And why is it so many of your bright pupils are just there and now you have to make the most of it?

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Well, you're teaching German and today it's time to study prepositions and some always take one case and some always another but today, class, today we have some new prepositions which can take either case depending on the verb (groan), and one of these is über. Now this word means often "over" or "above" and please, please let's have no one going from this room today with the idea that "Deutschland Über Alles" means "Germany Over Everything," as some careless journalists would have us believe. In this phrase über means "above," thus "Germany Above Everything" in the same sense that we say America First. No, we are not making any excuses and it's not part of any line of propaganda. Facts are facts. And then it happens.

J. raises his hand and you smile because this is the second time J. is taking this course and he is doing no better this year than last except that now he hands a test paper in once in a while whereas last year he either missed or slept through your exams. School is another thing that doesn't bother J. and besides he says he doesn't want to give himself away showing how much German he really knows. You know J. and so you smile and wait.

"Mr. W.," J. says seriously, "I'm sure our Fuehrer will approve when I tell him about your remarks in my weekly short-wave report." The class has been waiting for something from J. and they break into laughter and for the how manyth time you wonder to yourself, as you smile, what you can do with a lad like J. who is just enough of a man to take whatever punishment you give and just enough of a kid to crave attention.

You're ready to get back to prepositions when D. adds, "That's right, Mr. W., only last week I told our Fuehrer we could depend on you." The class is laughing again and this time you start thinking about how alike D. and J. are and you wonder where along the line they picked up this attitude of theirs.

Lazy unless you have something that interests them, and undisciplined because their interest in any one thing soon spends itself and they drift from there to the next. They drift, and that's what makes them mad because they feel as though they're wasting time and being pushed, and they're sensitive and critical and they want to know what the waste and pushing are for. Proud because they imagine themselves too good to drift and just sensing this makes them feel more different still and at the same time somewhat frustrated because in a way they do want to be like everybody else.

People are more interesting than prepositions and you recall what Miss K., D.'s English teacher, told you about him just yesterday. It seems they were discussing juvenile delinquency in Miss K.'s, and lots of remarks were being made pro this and con that until finally D. asked for a word. "Miss K. and the class," 16 year old D. begins, "I think this problem of juvenile delinquency is greatly exaggerated. Who are the juvenile delinquents? Where are they? I never see any in the saloons I go to." What makes them like that? Clever, in a questionable sort of way.

Didn't D. and J. ask you down to their little club above a garage and you said to yourself you better make sure what goes on down there after school just in case someone would like to associate it with the boys' pose in class.

So you went one night and you weren't much surprized to see swastikas and nazi pictures all over the place and a little sign "Geheime Staats-Polizei" on the door leading into the other room and you remembered that J. had asked you the other day after class what Gestapo meant. Finally you settle down to a serious discussion of the present war and you found D. and J. much better informed on current events than most students, and although they probably didn't know it they argued more like Norman Thomas than, say, the Christian Front. And you were glad for it too because you never can tell.

Then a few nights later didn't a fire break out in the garage and spread to the club above and weren't D. and J. beaming when they came into class blaming the communists for the whole thing. Clever, in a counterfeit sort of way.

But you are getting paid to teach German and not to ask yourself questions about these two who wouldn't mind learning some German if it didn't require some effort, and you do get back to your prepositions eventually. There are a bunch of reading and sentence exercises which those who want to learn will answer one, two, three, but the others will wait to be prompted and some will look so embarrassed and uncomfortable that you almost feel sorry you called on them.

At last there is the bell and a sigh of relief and the same old question—did you do any good today?—and the same old answer which is never all yes or no. Yes, those who knew what they wanted got it and had a good time besides listening to D. and J. and heckling them whenever they got the chance. No, the rest, and when you say the rest, it's too bad but you do mean most of them, might remember D. and J. but certainly not the lesson because they are the non-pupils who are just there and they wouldn't mind learning if it weren't so much trouble, and what are you going to do about it when education is no longer compulsory while attendance is and it costs the school board money to keep so many in school until they do learn.

But in a few years from now who will know the difference, and these are some things to think about when you're taking those courses in education at college and the professor is up front there talking about motivation, and integration, and individual differences.

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Communications

STALIN AND THE JUNKERS

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: Von Trott zu Solz was a Rhodes Scholar who, during a trip across the United States shortly before this war, showed some concern about the anti-humanitarian tendencies of the nazi régime. That did not prevent him from serving in Ribbentrop's Foreign Office. This summer he traveled to Stockholm in order to find out if there would be available to Germany something better than unconditional surrender, after an overthrow of Hitler by conservatives and generals. A few weeks later he was brought to the gallows, having been sentenced to death by Himmler's court as a participant in a plot against the Fuehrer.

There exists not only the Free Germany National Committee of Moscow, with German generals as members, who realize that Germany has lost the war and that it is therefore high time to oust Hitler's régime. There are other German "Junkers" who are trying to bring about a "new state leadership" in Germany. It is meritorious for James Burnham to have called attention (September 15) to the Junkers of Moscow, who have become tools of the clever game of Stalin's Politbureau. But I am afraid the game of the German nationalists is much more complicated than Burnham seems to assume. The pro-British, pro-Western Junkers, though casually mentioned by Burnham, deserve at least as much attention as their colleagues in the Russian capital.

The Moscow Junkers, the von Seydlitzes, claim that everything is lost if Germany does not capitulate to Stalin. Other Junkers, the von Trott zu Solzes, claim to be worried about the threatening victory of Bolshevism, and are, therefore, anxious to capitulate to the Western Allies. (After all, there is not only the advancing Red Army; there are also the armies of General Eisenhower, whose victories Burnham apparently overlooks, hypnotized by the Russian triumph at Stalingrad.) That is not a new game. Before the treaty of Versailles was drawn up, the foreign minister of the young German Republic, Count Brockdorf Rantzau, threatened that Germany would join the Eastern Revolution should the peace conditions be too hard.

The von Seydlitz line is necessary for the von Trott zu Solz policy. If Germany is not dealt with mildly, she will join the Red Revolution. But Germany herself, it is claimed, is anxious to fight for civilization against communism. In 1932, von Papen, in private talks, played with the idea of a collaboration between French and German General Staffs directed, of course, against Russia. (In this he renewed a proposal of the late General Hoffman.) And with the exception of the years between his pact with Stalin and his attack upon the Soviet Union, Hitler posed as a defender of European tradition against Bolshevism.

Therefore von Seydlitz is not only important as a stooge of the silent but dominant representatives of the Politbureau. He is—it does not matter whether consciously or not—very helpful to those who, realizing that Hitler's number is up, try to create (and then to exploit in behalf of Germany) a distrust between England, the United States and the USSR. These tactics consist in emphasizing the successes of the propaganda of von Seydlitz. Do they not prove that Germany will become a junior partner of the Soviet Union? And does that not mean the victory of communism in Europe? Therewith the idea is implanted: after all, perhaps it would be wise to grant somewhat milder conditions to Germany. Shall we drive the Germans into the arms of the Soviets? Of course, the profiter from such doubts is Germany.

The Allies and the Soviets are played off against each other. The German national propaganda emphasizes, on the one hand, German opposition to the capitalist materialist world; a partnership with the East, with the Soviets may be necessary. It is silently assumed that in the long run Germany's talent of organization, her technical experience, etc., will put her on the top. (This consideration, by the way, makes it very unlikely that Stalin would prefer a collaboration with Germany to friendly relations with England and the United States.) On the other hand, the threat to European civilization seen in the attempt to impose unconditional surrender upon Germany is lamented—by the same men who, so soon and so long as Hitler was successful, did not oppose his régime.

That is the Janus face of German nationalism: anti-communist-European, if it looks to the West; anti-capitalist, if it looks to the East. But in both cases it is dominated by the will to separate West and East—and to realize thereby a balance of power in which Germany would be more or less decisive. Any emphasis upon the possibility of a one-sided capitulation of Germany—it does not matter whether it is the von Seydlitz or the von Trott zu Solz possibility—is at the present time most dangerous. Such emphasis can only help to maintain the spirit in Germany which has resulted in the creation of the nazi monster. It is the last hope of the nazis to succeed in playing the USA and England and the USSR against each other before a German capitulation becomes unavoidable. The more realistic, and therefore more pessimistic, German nationalists hope that the "Anglo-Saxon" (as they put it) and Russian antagonism will prevent conditions which would make German militarism really impossible.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

The Stage & Screen

While the Sun Shines

HAVING committed the grave error of spending this Saturday examining the works of Evelyn Waugh, interrupted only by the playing of the Franck symphony on the air, I find I have quite nothing to say of the week's lumber. One thing is certain: in order, in any way, to evaluate the current stage, it has become necessary to live in a vacuum, without sound or sense. The present housing

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situation being what it is, this should not be difficult, and I begin to think of trying to rent one of those interstices arranged down the long corridors of the Murray Hill Hotel where, accompanied by a pigeon and muffled by laden draperies, cabinets of nothing, and an agate lamp, even the vision of such an actor as Stanley Bell, ingeniously thrust into his little sailor suit and rendering a most melting version of the *Matinée of a Faun,* will appear gay and affecting. Or there is always the possibility of acquiring a dark-room. Someone in the papers has got one for sale made of an old enormous trunk where you can climb right in and shut the lid and *develop,* so the advertisement said. Either of these arrangements would be feasible, I should think, and of course there are innumerable further possibilities—a roll-top desk, a hope chest from Macy's—but until I can get myself safely buried, I must record that such period pieces (watered Wodehouse) as this one of Terence Rattigan's dealing with the infinitesimal marital adventures of a boyish Earl in wartime London (however astonishingly jogged by G. S. Kaufman) do not earnestly seem to me worth time, money or the dubious amenities of this column. After all, the only phenomenon I am bound despairingly to report is that it will run, I think. (*At the Lyceum.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Ivory Tower Falling

IT IS GOOD to see a movie that was designed for the adult mind, a movie that never once panders to popular tastes and box office, and that sets a high standard which it retains throughout. Such a film is *"Thunder Rock."* It was made by the English from an adaptation of the American play (of the same name) which was not too successful over here. The film, produced by John Boulting, has many assets, including extraordinarily good photography (by Mutz Greenbaum), music (by Hans May) which sets the mood and fits the theme, and a script (by Jeffrey Dell and Bernard Miles) that handles well the difficult and cerebral subject matter. Its cast has been chosen carefully for type values and comes through, under the direction of Roy Boulting, with noteworthy performances.

"Thunder Rock" tells the story of a man who retired from the world in anger to tend a lighthouse. The time is 1939. David Charleston (Michael Redgrave), sulking on his tiny isolated island in Lake Michigan, petulantly says to a friend who visits him with the lighthouse inspector, "For all humanity I have only one wish: let them die off fast." David sneers when the friend reveals he is going to fight in China. Through a series of flashbacks (which come to life from the chapters of a book David wrote) we learn that David's grudge against mankind became deep-seated when no one would listen to his warnings. In Italy, Spain, and Germany during the thirties, he saw fascism growing. In France and England, he saw complacency. His English editors, interested only in their paper's larger circulation, took the meat out of his stories. He talked to practically empty halls at his stop-fascism-now meetings. In disgust he fled to a tower in Lake Michigan—far from the rumblings of civilization going to pieces.

There David in his loneliness makes up his own world—an imaginary world that is peopled not with his contemporaries but with a small group of men and women who went down with a ship that sank off this very lighthouse in 1849. Because the ship's captain is the first of these people whom David conjures up, it is he who guides David in the reconstruction of the others. And it is he who objects to the shallow characterizations that David gives the first six brain children who come to life and occupy the lighthouse with the ex-correspondent and the imaginary captain. The captain reveals to David (and to us—through flashbacks) what these people were really like. There are the laborer and his wife who bravely left their children in England to come to America to seek health and fortune. There is the feminist (Barbara Mullen) who continued to fight for the rights of women in spite of one prison sentence after the other and who finally came to America with her shocking predictions that some day women will earn their own living, will even sit with men. There is also the doctor who, banished from Vienna for using forbidden anesthetics to alleviate pain, came to this country with his wife and daughter.

To these men of courage, David exclaims, "So you're all running away!" And the doctor replies in despair that their world was too full of small people. David tells them they should have had vision to look ahead, they should have stayed to continue the fight in their native lands. To the doctor's "I appeal to your reason," David replies, "I appeal to your faith." Then David cruelly tells the whole group that they exist only in his mind, and furthermore "this is 1939 and all your problems are solved." When David taunts these men and women, the doctor accuses him of worse than cowardice: stupidity. In anger, David tries to dispel the group; but he discovers he can't dismiss them; they are himself. However they reassure him that there are no obstacles to civilization. But every man must do his duty. They refuse to leave until he promises to fight for what his world needs. The film ends as David resolves to return to his proper place.

As is indicated in this short synopsis, "Thunder Rock" gets quite involved in a brand of metaphysics unusual to the movies. The dialogue comes so fast at times that one has difficulty following its reasoning; and the film has more than a full share of symbolism. Since David is the only living character in the last half of the film, one must suppose that all the arguments and reconstruction of events come out of his head; however if one tries to analyze the whys and wherefores of this fantasy, one becomes lost in a flood of unanswered questions. Some of the symbols and arguments are pretentious and at the same time over-simplified. Although I did not see Robert Ardrey's play I cannot help feeling that the film must be an improvement over the original—and this in spite of the fact that at times the film is poor cinema. On the whole it is talky and theatrical in construction. More of the argument is made through words than through the camera. However the photography is beautiful and the flashbacks are used brilliantly to convey much in a

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few short scenes—especially those that reveal David as a correspondent in Italy, Germany and England. One of these scenes stands out as a first-rate example of movie technique; it shows David at a newsreel theater; we hear the soundtrack of the newsreel as we watch David's reaction to an audience that is detached, even uninterested in the nazi march into Sudetenland.

In spite of its cinematic shortcomings, "Thunder Rock" is a film to be seen for its adultness, for its courage in handling topics that movies usually avoid, for its attitude toward world events and particularly for its message of confidence in mankind. This is a film of which its English makers might be proud and which American film makers might envy.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

PATRICK GEDDES. *Philip Boardman. Chapel Hill.* $5.00.
CITIZEN TOUSSAINT. *Ralph Korngold. Little.* $3.00.
WINSLOW HOMER. *Lloyd Goodrich. Macmillan.* $7.50.

Lovable but Difficult

INEXHAUSTIBLE energy and unfailing good will are two characteristics that can unquestionably be ascribed to Sir Patrick Geddes after reading Philip Boardman's occasionally fictionalized biography of this Scotch scientist, city-planner and exhibitor of the most astounding omniscience. But was he a great mind? As an intellectual he was ignored by his greatest contemporaries. He found a sermon in every stone, shrub or flower—a secularized sermon, perhaps, but not without consciousness of God's pervading providence. He took a child's delight in organizing pageants such as the "Masque of Learning" (1912) which presented the growth of human knowledge from the earliest times in a series of picturesque tableaus. He zestfully organized and operated expositions in all corners of the globe. He loved to devise "thinking machines" by folding strips of paper, on which he had scribbled various categories of knowledge or actuality, in such a way that their relationship was somehow indicated. He was always for establishing "index museums" of all the knowledge in the world. And once he had started talking on any one of a thousand subjects, there was no stopping him, whether he was in the fields, at someone's home or on the lecture platform. To make matters worse his thick beard made many of his words of wisdom quite unintelligible.

On the other hand, his conviction that all knowledge is related and that *live* knowledge of the plant, animal and human world is of paramount importance provides a healthy counterbalance to the still-persistent, dry-as-dust overspecialization which came to the fore toward the end of the nineteenth century. His contention that parents should take over the primary duty of guiding their children—instead of leaving that to the school—has even greater urgency today than when he was preaching it. And he had the sanest ideas about the teaching of sex. The famous Outlook Tower which he built in Edinburgh and other places had as one of its chief functions the revealing of a whole region, with the relationship of the city to its environment, which apparently forms so important a part of his ideas on regional planning. All this would seem to reflect good sense rather than outright genius, but it must be remembered that it meant swimming against the current of his time.

The labors which Patrick Geddes undertook for the well-being of his fellow human beings in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Palestine, India, Cyprus and other places is staggering. All his life he fought against slums, disease, ignorance and economic injustice. His idea of peace was, in fact, an unremitting struggle against all of these things. On most matters his views were implicitly if not expressly Christian. His various housing and educational projects (worth $266,000 at the time) got into such a tangle that in May, 1896, a "Town and Gown Association, Ltd.," was organized to take over most of the Geddes ventures and put them on a business basis.

Mr. Boardman has done admirably in giving the many facets of a man who has said and done so much in every conceivable direction. The one disappointing lack in his biography is any real indication as to what the Geddes conception of regional planning is. For that is the field in which Geddes is best known and has had the greatest influence. The author paints a most appealing picture of Patrick's first wife, Anna, who for more than thirty years kept order in the household in spite of everything. She seems to be the real hero of the piece. Patrick and Anna were also eminently successful in bringing up their three children without benefit of formal schooling and it was a happy if hectic household. Sir Patrick visited this country on several occasions and has no more devoted disciple than Lewis Mumford. The author of this biography is obviously another disciple. Even so, his presentation of the Geddes idiosyncrasies is so forthright that some readers may wonder a little whether he thinks he is presenting the picture of a real genius or that of one of the most colorful and public spirited "characters" in recent times.

Tyrant for Liberty

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE is a name only vaguely known to most of us today largely because there has never been a good biography of him. For more than a hundred years he has been written about, but those who wrote were interested either in minimizing his achievements, because of their concern for "white supremacy," or in erecting him into something more than he was. What he was surely is enough. Mr. Ralph Korngold at last presents us with a readable biography which at the same time seems to be reasonably just. It unhappily gives an impression of being a trifle undigested, and written strictly for popular consumption. Yet it is well worth reading and it is far and away the best thing available. Certainly no one will find "Citizen Toussaint" in the least dull.

Toussaint was born a slave on a plantation in the French colony of St. Domingo (now known as Haiti) about the middle of the eighteenth century. His youth and manhood, as far as the record goes, were distinguished by very little in achievement. Unlike the bulk of the slaves, he did have an elementary education. He could read and write and he knew a few phrases of Latin. He was a magnificent horseman, and indeed was employed as coachman on the plantation. We know that he was acquainted with Roman history and had read

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Epictetus in a French translation. We likewise know that all his life he remained a devout and fervent Catholic, as is attested by his attempt to stamp out Voodooism during his years of absolute power and by the weight he attached to the advice of priests. In other words, he was distinctly upper-cut among the slaves of his native land, but he was no more. And that he should have had even these elementary advantages seems to have been the result of a happy circumstance—the overseers on his plantation were men of unusually humane and liberal views.

But one extraordinary quality Toussaint certainly possessed—that of an infectious and commanding personality. One of the French generals with whom he came in contact said of him: "Nobody can approach Toussaint without fear or leave him without emotion." American, English and French witnesses all testify to his commanding and winning presence. And despite an almost proverbial ugliness, white women of exalted rank did not hesitate to throw themselves at him. If anything is needed to clinch the matter, his extraordinary power over the Negro population should suffice. His compatriots looked upon him as having almost magical powers and thousands of them were ready to face certain death at his command. The only men who betrayed him were those whom he had selected for his principal lieutenants.

At the end of the eighteenth century San Domingo was, for its size, one of the richest countries on earth. An extraordinarily fertile soil coupled with a generous climate, and both natural advantages exploited under a reasonably efficient régime of agriculture, made it incredibly productive. Its export and import trade was the principal foreign resource of the French government and exceeded the total trade of the United States in those days. But all this was made possible by a plantation system which included Negro slavery of the most incredibly inhuman sort. From its earliest discovery San Domingo had been a hell on earth for all but its exploiters, and it had brutalized them beyond belief. The Spaniards started it, shortly after the discovery of America by Columbus. Within a very few years they had succeeded in exterminating a prosperous and attractive population of several million aborigines, whom they tried to drive into slavery. When the French began to exploit the area, they did so by means of a large slave trade with Africa. How savagely they treated these people is indicated by the fact that only the slaves on one plantation belonging to a religious order were able to reproduce themselves and did not need constant replenishment from Africa. The slightest offense was punishable and was punished by torture and death. Indeed, Mr. Korngold, whose pages on this subject are sickening enough, paints the picture a trifle brighter than it actually was.

When the Revolution began to penetrate the French mind, even before it went so far as the excesses of 1793, it was inevitable that the St. Domingan slaves would take steps to shake off this bloody and heartless oppression, especially since their masters, who never learned or forgot anything, out of foolish pride did nothing to prevent the Negroes from learning about what was going on in the mother country. The whole situation was complicated by the existence of a class of free Mulattoes, who sometimes exceeded the whites in their inhumanity to pure-blooded Africans.

But it was not until Toussaint was almost fifty years old that he emerged from the status of a bare-footed coachman to that of a leader of his people and a military genius rarely excelled in all the world's history. It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give any clear picture of the shifts and changes which took place in San Domingo after the outbreak of 1791. Toussaint only gradually achieved undisputed leadership of his fellow blacks. For almost ten years he played a brilliant military, diplomatic and political rôle, the basic purpose of which was to make certain that slavery should never be reestablished in St. Domingo and that eventually his country would be free and independent of France. In playing this rôle, he did not hesitate to use Machiavellian cunning and deception of a sort which may at first glance lead the reader to question the sincerity of his Christian professions; yet Mr. Korngold quotes Cardinal Newman in his support, and certainly by no other means could he have accomplished his end. When he was fighting openly he fought with honor and without hatred. He held his men in check and is accountable for substantially no atrocities, whereas the white men with whom he fought never hesitated to torture or brutally massacre their Negro prisoners every time they had a chance. Indeed Toussaint wanted to do away with the race problem and make the whole issue that of freedom. He surrounded himself with white advisers and always treated honestly white men who approached him with candor—indeed his final arrest and imprisonment seem to have been the outcome of his trusting to the honor of a French general. If there is one thing certain it is that the whites brought upon themselves the ultimate campaign of extinction waged upon them by the blacks after Toussaint had been locked up in one of Napoleon's dungeons. The whites destroyed the one man who was willing to be friendly to them and then found themselves at the mercy of other Negro leaders without such scruples.

In the course of his ten years of leadership Toussaint succeeded in defeating decisively a powerful British army, and this with an army which he himself had trained and organized out of substantially naked and totally illiterate slaves. With this same army he fought to a standstill some 60,000 of Napoleon's picked veterans. Such a record is certainly without precedent in history's military annals. While he was in a position to govern civilly, he governed as a dictator, but as a benevolent dictator with a surprising grasp of what was essential to his country's prosperity. Under the circumstances to have attempted anything but a dictatorship would have been folly. Toussaint's personal career ended in a prison near the Swiss border and seemed a failure. But by the reckoning of history it was a success. Never again were the French able to establish their dominion over this former colony; and Toussaint's efforts against Napoleon were what led Napoleon to give up any idea of conquering the New World, what led him to be willing to sell Louisiana to the United States.

The American Scene

WINSLOW HOMER is certainly one of the half-dozen greatest artists we have produced in this country. He is perhaps a trifle less distinguished than his European contemporaries, but the margin between his finest work and the finest work of the French painters of his day is narrow indeed. Certainly his achievement is something of which every American may be proud and, what is more, it is easily within every American's grasp.

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For Homer painted for popular consumption. He is one of the few modern artists who did not look upon his art as a means of expressing himself, but rather as a means of expressing what he saw in a manner that would at once satisfy his artistic integrity and please the general public. A number of magazine articles and books have been devoted to his work and career, but all of them have been marked by a certain incompleteness, and there was genuine need of a thorough and adequate study. This Mr. Goodrich of the Whitney Museum of American Art now supplies us in his excellent "Winslow Homer." (A second volume, constituting a catalogue of Homer's work, will appear later.)

Mr. Goodrich's book consists of a biography which carries a running comment on the painter's achievement, 20 pages of reminiscences by John W. Beatty, never before published, a chronology, an excellent bibliography, an index and 63 pages of reproductions, all in black and white. His scholarship is of a higher level than that which generally characterizes American writings on American art. His style is readable and easy, and no better book could be imagined for a person who would like to know something about art but who is repelled by esthetic cant and who knows nothing of the technical aspects of the subject.

Homer was born in Boston in 1836. His family were Yankee through and through, with a practical streak which guaranteed them a reasonable competence. Like many New England families, its members were long-lived, and Homer himself did not die until 1910. His mother had a facility for drawing which she exercised all her life, and those who like to believe in the transmission of aptitudes can find here a reason for Homer's own natural gifts. Even as a boy he drew with great care and sureness, and his drawing was not discouraged by his parents. During this period America in general was extremely poor as far as art schools are concerned; Boston had none. Hence the only means of perfecting oneself was to become an apprentice in some commercial branch of art. This Homer did when he was about nineteen.

He became an apprentice in 1854 or 1855 to a Boston lithographic firm named Bufford. His talent led his employer greatly to diminish the usual fee required of apprentices and guaranteed Homer an opportunity to do some of the more technically exacting work in the shop. But commercial art, then as now, is mostly drudgery. You have no choice of what you do. A commission comes in and the boss sets you to work and there you are. As a consequence, Homer developed an antipathy to working for an employer which remained with him for the rest of his life. The moment he had completed the three years which he had undertaken to serve, he set himself up as a free lance and from that day on he worked as he chose and for himself.

At first he remained in Boston doing illustrations for *Ballou's* and for *Harper's Weekly*. Eventually the latter connection attracted him to New York (1859) where he remained until 1883. During the Civil War he occasionally visited the front as an artist for *Harper's*, and he produced a number of drawings which still have vivid interest and which were unquestionably the best published by that magazine. In 1861 he briefly studied painting with an inconspicuous French artist named Rondel—thus completing what very little formal education he ever had. And immediately he began producing oils of remarkable

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quality. The first of these dealt with the war between the states, but he very soon turned to rural subjects and produced a series of canvases recording the rustic American scene of that day—a rustic scene which was still generally prosperous but was definitely homespun. Until 1866 he devoted himself to themes relating to the war, to the farm, and to ordinary social life. In that year he went to France and remained until the fall of 1867.

It is extraordinary how little this French visit influenced Homer. Indeed there is perhaps no other artist of comparable talent who spent a year in nineteenth century France and then returned, painting almost precisely as he had painted before he went. All his life Homer seems to have been proof against the influence of other artists, and on his French journey he remained true to form. Once back in America he branched out because of his interest in sport. A visit to the Adirondacks and another to the White Mountains produced the first of his pictures in which we are presented with wild nature. These in time included not only mountains but—and above all—the sea, rivers, storms, the life of seafaring men. By 1875 Homer had ended his career as an illustrator and from then on he devoted himself entirely to painting, with a brief excursion into etching. 1873 saw his first attempts at water color, a medium in which he remained interested until his death and in which he did what is probably his finest work. The mid-seventies are also marked by a series of Negro subjects. It is interesting to note that Homer was the first American artist to view the Negro and Negro life seriously. Prior to that time, the Negro had been exclusively a comic subject; Homer broke this tradition. He was always to be attracted to the physical power of the Negro body; years later some of his most brilliant water colors and oil paintings have powerful Negro men as their only figures.

A trip to England in 1881 produced a new maturity of style. For another of Homer's characteristics was his steady development. He never found a form of expression and then stuck to it. He was constantly broadening his artistic capacity and constantly maturing, so that some of his last work, after he had suffered a paralytic stroke, still showed an experimental quality. The mid-eighties found him first visiting the Caribbean. From then on his favorite sources of artistic material were to be the Northern woods (the Adirondacks, Quebec), the Maine coast and the West Indies. As he grew older he substantially abandoned the *genre* subjects of his youth. No longer did he record the American scene in terms of children at play, Negro family life, dramatic episodes at sea. More and more the human figure disappeared as the center of interest in his canvases, and more and more he devoted himself to the struggle of nature—stormy waves beating upon a coast, man trying to pit himself against wind and sea. One of his greatest pictures, called "Fox Hunt," shows a red fox in the snow of winter being watched by a flock of hungry crows, which fly immediately over the fox's tired body, hoping that they may make a meal of him. This painting further exemplifies Homer's mastery of decorative design, as distinguished from the plastic design traditional to Western art.

Homer himself spent the latter years of his life a recluse. He hated publicity of any sort and refused to discuss artistic matters except on very rare occasions and with a very limited number of friends. He seems to have been remarkably unselfconscious, to have looked upon painting as a trade whereby to earn a livelihood. He was always thinking about the financial return. He was the very antithesis of the art-for-art's-sake esthete. And he carried this over into his personal appearance. He always dressed with meticulous tidiness and careful conventionality, so that he gave the appearance rather of a successful business man than of anyone connected with the arts.

These temperamental characteristics are not without meaning to anyone who seeks to appraise Homer's position in the history of art. By his dislike of cant and of romantic nonsense he continued the tradition of Copley—a tradition not altogether unforgotten in our own day. Art is more than a business, yet it is far healthier for an artist to be humble about his profession than it is for him to take advantage of the high diginity of his calling and debase it by using it as an excuse for eccentricity or for personal failings. The hard-boiled attitude, if combined with unshakable integrity, will produce more genuine work, unmarred by the affectation and the stultification so easily bre dby faddishness. It can, of course, become a sort of inverted snobbishness, and one cannot help wondering whether Homer did not sometimes sin in this regard. But his achievement is solid, and we know that it will live and that it is as American as succotash.

More Books of the Week

The Book of Margery Kempe. A Modern Version by W. Butler-Bowden. With an Introduction by R. W. Chambers. Devin. $3.75.

THIS BOOK, highly important both for students of medieval literature, as for lovers of religious *curiosa,* is the autobiography of a fifteenth century female mystic who "dashed about" (it is really the only expression that fits Dame Margery's numerous voyagings) under the Lancastrian kings, Henry IV and Henry V. Thus Margery Kempe was a contemporary of Falstaff and the Wife of Bath, whom she rather closely resembles in temperament, save that the Wife's vitality was expended in profane adventures, while Margery's was poured into ecstatic visions of the Trinity and the Blessed Virgin. We shall find nothing in English *belles lettres* to be compared with this extraordinary human document till we come to the era of the Renaissance and Saint Thomas More two generations afterward.

With no knowledge of Latin, save the word *Benedicite,* or of French, save the word *"bon"* (quite like a member of the AEF) Margery, with the sanction of Archbishop Arundel, whom she berated for the profanity of his servants, went dashing off on pious expeditions to the Holy Land and the shrine of Compostella in Spain on the spur of an instant's inspiration. In his wise and witty preface to this Devin-Adair edition, Professor Chambers, the great and genial authority on Thomas More, warns the reader that the Goodwoman of Lynne, like a hotel in Baedeker, has been "variously judged." A prophet has honour everywhere but in his own country, and so, in double measure, has a prophetess, especially one who has no hesitation in calling down distinguished prelates, or in breaking into prolonged crying-spells during a Passion-tide service. Margery was too much of a religious free-lance and original to be over popular in pre-Reformation England. "For some said that she had drunk too much wine; some wished she was on the sea

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in a bottomless boat; and thus each man as he thought." She found the Holy Land, already under Turkish domination, a pleasanter place, for more than pious reasons, than "the good, green lap of fair King Richard's land." Judging by her narrative of her Near Eastern adventure, the Jerusalem guides were no more accurate in her day than in our own, for she recounts that "early in the morning, they went again amongst *great hills* where they told her that Our Lord bore the Cross." Unless the "great hills" mean the declivious streets of old Jerusalem, this is an error, for the site of Calvary was already contained in the precincts of the church of the Sepulchre. "Afterwards she rode on an ass to Bethlehem" (as one does still) "and had high ghostly comfort with much weeping, so that her fellows would not let her eat in their company, and therefore she ate her meat by herself alone."

The British dislike for demonstrative candor in religious matters is, evidently, no Protestant or modern innovation. "This creature," as she calls herself, lived, like Joan of Arc, within a largely formalized and decadent Church, and almost met the same fate as Saint Joan, for she was once brought to trial as a "Lollard" or pretero-Protestant. "But the Moslims made much of her" (in the Near East) "and led her about the country wherever she would go; and she found all people good and gentle to her, save only her own countrymen."

This little book is a definite "find" or jewel of late medieval *belles lettres,* candid and vivacious like the period itself, and its publishers deserve the utmost credit for bringing it out at this bad time for important books. Incidentally, it has been published with all the good taste we have learned to associate with this firm, and has, as frontispiece, a fourteenth century sketch of three medieval persons in a ship, very appropriate for the life of a lady who loved travel as much as Somerset Maugham or Noel Coward.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Least of These. Celia Dale. Macmillan. $2.50.

LONDON CAN TAKE IT. But what "taking it" costs is summed up in the story of the Sharp family and their neighbors from August to November, 1940. The Sharps lived at 21 Prince Alfred Road, Scholars Town, N., in a street of small grey and yellowish houses with family life centered in the basement kitchen and the scullery where the kettle was forever boiling for tea. Mrs. Sharp is a widow and rents out her extra room to a Negro, who never quite gets into the story but hovers on the outside as an Air Raid Warden. The elder boy is a soldier, the younger works on a newspaper; Reenie, in her precocious teens, is clerk in a local shop, but pert, pretty Queenie is in the wholesale clothing trade and knows something about the West End. She knows so much about it, in fact, that Mrs. Sharp thinks it tactful not to ask any questions about the silver foxes which are the wonder of Scholars Town and, if Queenie's evening engagements are as unattractive as the party in Chapter One, we agree with Mrs. Sharp that the less said about her private life the better.

Then comes the Blitz and Queenie's fun both North and West is ended. At first the Sharps try spending the horrible, endless nights in the basement hallway, dozing, and drinking tea while Reenie sobs with fright as the bombs crash in the neighborhood. When Effie,

This Publishing Business

Man, notes Dorothy Donnelly in one of the most remarkable books of our eighteen years' publishing, is an animal with a unique passion to understand. Like other animals he feeds upon bones, eats the meat off them and the marrow out of them. But he wants to eat the stars too, and anything else that he happens to see, to absorb them into him, to feed himself with their meaning. "It baffles the imagination, but it must be true, that there was in the vastly remote past a first time that a man looked up and saw the stars. Was it Adam who looked up, or was it Pithecanthropus?" Whoever he was, he could not have ignored them. Man needs to explain things, get them into some sort of order so that the mind can handle them: he cannot live with a chaos.

Of all the explanations, attempts to construct an order, that man has made, two stand out—labelled, not very accurately, the Religious and the Scientific.

The really astounding achievement of Dorothy Donnelly is to set down both explanations—the one that omits God, the one that accepts Him—with the most complete fairness, leaving the reader to choose for himself. In the first part of her book she gives us the order the modern mind constructs for itself without God, an order of progress in time, beginning with protoplasm and moving from instinct, to consciousness, to animism, to religion, to scientific negation; she gives it brilliantly, weaving in all that the most modern anthropology and psychology have to offer. It would be hard to state it better, certainly there is no loading of the dice against it: she feels a real magnificence in it.

In the second part of the book she sets out the same truths, abandoning nothing that science has established, but this time in the context of the Revelation given in Genesis of the Creation and Fall of Man: not asking the reader necessarily to believe but to "suspend his disbelief *in order to understand* this second reconstruction." Here again there is learning, precision, the scientific spirit: but something else that is hard to phrase. As she did not load the dice against the first reconstruction, so she does not load the dice in favor of the second: she states each as well as it can be stated: but the second has more glory in it and there is a consequent loveliness in her writing here which would have denatured the first explanation, but is scientifically right for this. "The universe is more like a song to be listened to than a code to be deciphered. The song is no other than a great love song." There we have our finger on what is lacking to the reconstruction made by non-theistic science: it not only leaves out the beginning, but it ignores the reality of man's mysteriousness; it is a superb piece of reconstruction; it *covers* the facts it sees—but it does not *penetrate* them.

There is not a simple truth of psychology or anthropology in the first reconstruction that does not glow more brilliantly in the second. And the second covers one fact too big for the first—the fact of Christ.

This is a spluttering, not very coherent, reaction to a book, *The Bone and the Star,* that has come upon us like lightning out of the West. But it may explain what *The New York Times* meant by calling her "a theological parachutist landing behind the usual lines." ($2.25)

—E.J.S.

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the married sister, loses her house, the passageway is impossibly congested with the babies and it sounds like an elysian dream to their exhausted nerves when Queenie brings them word that people can actually sleep—stretched out and safe—in the tube station. What matter the stench and lack of privacy and the hard tiled floor if their tired bodies can relax for even a few hours? After an indirect hit makes a powdery, windowless shell of No. 21, the tube is the warmest haven they know. Reenie gives up work and goes to the Scholars Town station every day at three to reserve their corner and just before the warning siren the Sharps come with babies and blankets and sandwiches and find themselves greeted by families from the meaner districts that they would have avoided above ground. "Under the brute compulsion of the bombs a great brotherhood smiled into being. To be alive and to get some sleep—that was all everyone wanted." "'Ave you 'eard wot ole Goering was up to to-day?' inquired Mrs. Bunce from Covent Garden, who had no other home at all but the tube, 'Dive-bombed Buckingham Palace! Of all the sauce, I said, with them pore blessed innocent majesties as wouldn't hurt a fly—'"

Gradually some order was brought to the tube station. Sanitation was safeguarded, a canteen served cocoa and sandwiches, and real bunks with curtains were promised but meanwhile the War had caught up with the Sharps in other undersirable ways. Mrs. Sharp begins to understand the Bunces' bottled comfort; Effie's nervous edge drives her husband away; Reenie becomes entangled in the Black Market traffic; Queenie, alone, shows some improvement in curtailing vacuous promiscuity for one intelligent communist and then—

Miss Dale knows how to tell a story. The Sharps are not a particularly attractive family, but their pluck and patience are disarming. The tragedy of the book seems not so much the sufferings which they gamely faced with so many, many cups of tea, but that Mr. Shaw has no more right to sneer at British respectability. If Miss Dale is right, it has gone. Effie is the only person who objects to her sisters being tramps and Effie is the Sharp we are led to dislike. Mrs. Sharp is evidently "author's pet"—so is Queenie and Queenie's silver foxes were prewar. Miss Dale agrees with Mr. Hemingway that the reader must never forget that sex and only sex motivates the young. Otherwise it is a very unusual story.

E. V. R. Wyatt.

The Gentleman from Massachusetts. Henry Cabot Lodge. Karl Schriftgiesser. Little. $3.00.

A BORDER-STATE man, a Marylander, Kentuckian, or Maine man who reads Douglas Freeman's "R. E. Lee," "The Flowering of New England," "A Yankee from Olympus" and the "Gentleman from Massachusetts," is likely to be led toward the conviction that 1861-65 was not a Civil War. It was not a war between the States. Nor a war of the Confederacy against a not-clearly-defined Union. It was not even a war between North and South; not wholly a war about unfree labor. From their first breath of American continental life, it was a war of survival between Virginia and Massachusetts into which all other States were drawn.

Virginia, the senior, claimed all the continent to the "South Sea," and the fifth of Queen Elizabeth's "five royal crowns." Massachusetts, the newcomer, attempting to dominate all its regional neighbors as they evolved, spread its will to domination over its own idea of its right relations to the British Empire, new-born in 1763, and over secession from it.

Henry Cabot Lodge's forebears, his birth-clan, his *patria* (like Robert Lee's) run like a thread throughout the whole design of our founding and the pattern of this historic feud. It runs through the clashes and compromises of its two equally powerful, equally respectable schools of political thought about the Union, in the drafting of the Federal Constitution; through its divergent interpretations during their presidential dynasties in the neutral District of Columbia, as the city of Washington grew to be the national capital it was never meant to be; through fifty years of attempted secession and dissolution of the Union by both of them, from the Hartford convention to Appomattox and the defeat and ruin of Virginia. The pattern of Massachusetts's victorious power and influence climaxed—on this continent, on the high seas, in Asia—and faded during the terms of presidential office of a vicarious Boston man, a Harvard-New Yorker; Theodore Roosevelt, Lodge's close friend. Another Groton-Harvard-New Yorker, Franklin Roosevelt wiped out the three-century old feud in his three presidential terms of the New Deal. The two Roosevelt cousins, between them, ended it so completely that it is improbable that even the old historic design for American evolution will ever return, upon which the long battle for its control was based. That is the true story of the "Gentleman from Massachusetts." It is the story, if you please, of the change from the national politics of a State to the national politics of a continent; the dream of all that America stood for and that these two national states of Virginia and Massachusetts fought about to the destruction of what they had tried to build. Unless an author not only sees that but understands it, he cannot write a good book about Lodge's place in it. In the present book, the author has not understood it. He sees it all from the wreckage of an ideal of which he does not understand the meaning. He does not understand, for instance, that we were not only part of an Empire, but thought ourselves the most important part of it; nor that the "Revolution" was a quarrel about the right organization of *our* Empire. It would be well to understand those things before writing about them.

William Franklin Sands.

New Hampshire. Keith Jennison. Holt. $2.50.

GOOD halftones of mountains, lakes and plowed land, of fishermen, farmers and picturesque old folks in one of our most beautiful states.

Secrets of the Saints. Henri Ghéon. Sheed. $3.00.

SHEED & WARD is greatly to be commended for publishing now in one handy volume four of Henri Ghéon's popular hagiographies. The subjects are: the Curé d'Ars, the Little Flower, Margaret Mary Alacoque and Don Bosco. All are good and M. Ghéon's tribute to the Curé d'Ars attains great heights.

An Invitation to Portuguese. Margarita Madrigal and Henriqueta Chamberlain. S.&S. $1.75.

THE Portuguese language made to look both amusing and easy through the cartoon-conversational method which worked so well in S.&S.'s "Invitation to Spanish," on which Miss Madrigal collaborated with her father.

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The Inner Forum

Medical Bureau for Brother André's Shrine

SINCE the death of Brother André, of Mount Royal, on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1937, the number of miracles ascribed to his intercession has been extraordinary. The little chapel which he built in obedience to a vision and in honor of Saint Joseph on a hillside in Montreal is now developing into the great basilica which he had planned. And the number of pilgrims to Brother André's shrine continues in the thousands. It is said that during the past three years his Oratory of Saint Joseph has received letters reporting 10,408 cures through the joint intercession of Saint Joseph and Brother André, besides 6,160 other cures through the prayers of Brother André alone. Many miracles were, in fact, attributed to the saintly lay brother during his lifetime.

Accordingly an official Medical Record Bureau has been organized at the Shrine with the approval of the Superior of the Oratory, the Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, to which Brother André belonged for nearly seventy years, and Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau of Montreal. It is composed of nine doctors, each of them a highly qualified specialist. The work of this bureau will consist in preparing a complete case history of every sick person coming to the Shrine seeking a cure. It will compile evidence as to the actuality and graveness of each illness based on clinical records, X-rays and various tests. In the event of a reported cure a complete scientific examination is to be made and authoritative medical testimony drawn up.

It is almost four years since the Archbishop of Montreal instituted the informative process which it is hoped will lead in time to the beatification of Brother André. The new medical bureau should provide the essential data for establishing or rejecting the authenticity of the many miraculous cures currently attributed to Brother André's intercession. As the *Canadian Register* quotes Archbishop Charbonneau, the bureau will determine whether "the illness were real and grave, if the cure had been perfect and instantaneous; in a word if the event of extraordinary appearance is explicable or not by the sole virtue of the forces of nature . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

Gordon W. ALLPORT teaches psychology at Harvard University; his article was read as a paper before the Work Shop in Intercultural Education.

Sgt. Daniel P. WARD writes from France. In civil life he taught law.

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William Franklin SANDS has just published a book entitled "Our Jungle Diplomacy."

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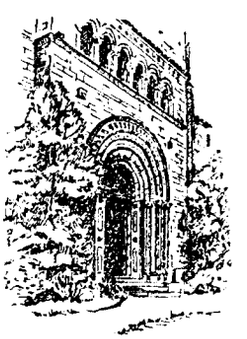

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Next Week

AN ASSAULT UPON DEMOCRACY, by John A. Ryan, chairman of the NCWC Social Action Department squarely meets the contention, voiced by Francis Stuart Campbell and others, that the Catholic Church is ill at ease with political democracy. Monsignor Ryan cites a few brief excerpts of the Papal encyclicals to explain the Catholic ideal of social justice and goes on to say "Both history and human nature provide overwhelming proofs that social justice for the working class, and for the masses of the people generally, demands a regime of political democracy. In every country of Europe and in the United States, almost all the improvements in the condition of modern labor have occurred since the masses acquired the power to vote and hold office . . ."

THE HONEST DOCTORS OF CHESHIRE, by James Rorty, tells of an experiment in socialized medicine in which it was so much to the interest of the doctors of that English community that the health of the inhabitants should prosper that the community broke all records for good health.

BOBBIES OUT OF FUZZY WUZZIES, by Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt, is a colorful account of Pacific headhunters who were trained to be native constabulary on the model of the unbeatable Canadian Royal Mounted Police.

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